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Retrospect and Reverie

READER, hast thou ever been so happy to the gods that they have permitted thee to revisit scenes dear by reason of pleasant memories? It is a thing beloved of men since first Abram "went back, even unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning." "Ipsis locis delectemur, montuosis etiam et silvestribus, in quibus diutius commorati sumus." There is a place to which I would fain thus return—retracing my years as well as my footsteps, so that its peace and sweetness might sink once more into the heart of a boy—I mean, MY OLD GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

Mostly I love to think of it as it was to me after school-hours—late in the spring—the hot world without, the school-room cool and silent, the long rows of desks empty of all save one or two delinquent pupils, the teacher deep in some mysteriously erudite occupation, and upon the wall the slowly-ticking clock which told off the *saecula temporis* which held us prisoners.

I shall never forget that time and place—I was so often obliged to remain after the rest had been dismissed, in order to complete some task that my day-dreaming had procrastinated. From my desk I could see the cool green of the maple trees in the hot June sunshine, and the silver poplars trembling ceaselessly in the light breeze; and through the window would come the scent of lilacs, and the querulous

calling of the bright oriole moving ever restlessly from branch to branch down the shady vistas of the elms; through all the long hot somnolent afternoons—interminable to our childish minds—are all these things irrevocably past?

Let me not fail to animadvert to those quondam companions in confinement—with what delighted awe and envy would we watch Bob W., whose proximity to the open door enabled him to steal a fearful joy without-doors during the lapses of the preceptor's Argus-vigilance; S., ever idly writing and rewriting his name in a thousand differing and fantastic ways—that he might see how best it might appear, appended to some *piece of literature* of his own production; ever dreaming of some future fame of letters—and neglecting the *Aeneid* before him; and her, upon whose golden head rested the dusty bar of sunlight—are ye all departed?

Hail, but not farewell, little SCHOOL.

Samuel McCoy.

To the Cricket

When late I wandered in the wood—
Brown-fingered autumn in her prime—
And the rugged chestnuts murmuring stood,
Like priests at prayer in Latin rhyme—
I heard an old friend's mirthful cry,
From out an oak, green-capped and high—
A cry that brings good cheer
When fields are cold and sere—
And my heart was glad; and I would fain
Have bade him welcome back again.

McQueen Salley Wightman.

The Eternal Fitness of Things

A wind, cool and cleansing, after the day of August heat, swept over the trees, along the alleys of the park and past the music room, where a footman who had just opened the long, French window, so far forgot himself as to take audible breathfuls into his throat, before he stepped back. The curtains stirred, belleyed out and stretched thin, white arms into the darkness. From the room behind them came the hum of conversation, the clatter of coffee-spoons, the smell of cigarettes and occasionally the notes of a piano, as if someone touching the keys talked over her shoulder.

The yew path, a black and silent stream between high banks, stretched from the foot of the window and lost itself in the darkness. Somewhere at its end was a sunken garden and here, their arms resting on the carved balustrade, their eyes looking out over the formal rows of hollyhocks and boxwood and roses, that the thumb of night had smudged and blurred into a single shadow, stood the man and the girl. They were silent, for the little set speeches that friends make when they have not met for a long time, the little talk of commonplace things had been said and now they waited to knock at the door of a more intimate knowledge.

They had not seen each other for years, the man and the girl, and there was so much to tell that it was difficult to know just where to begin. They had commented on each others' looks, frankly as had been their custom, she had informed him that he was stouter and that his moustache did not become him, to which he in gracious retort, had replied, she was even more beautiful than ever. She had related what had happened in his absence, who had married, who had died and who had had children and in turn he had given her some idea of his own life, of the petty interests, apparently so big, which occupied his time; of the

long nights in the saddle ; of the hardships and the loneliness ; but her gossip had lost flavor in his ears and in turn of what he talked, she could not understand. So, although they had spent the afternoon together, to the scandal of their hostess, who loving scandal did not interfere, they had spent it mostly in silence.

After dinner they had slipped away from the rest of the house party preferring again the quiet of their own thoughts, to women who would have loved to talk to him, because he was fresh and had done strange things, or to men who would have pursued her with any kind of conversation she desired. For almost half an hour they had been standing beside the balustrade, once she remarked how dark it was and once he asked some question about a man he had known, but that was all, for ordinary talk seemed just then more than ever out of place.

They were thinking of many things and the trend of those things was alike. He saw himself as he had been five years before, quixotic, shallow, histrionic ; at least he was not that now, and compared this woman, with all a woman's knowledge and poise with the half-awakened child he had known. And she with a remembrance of a shy, undeveloped, weak, self-conscious girl wondered if the man by her side, still held to the boyish ideals and loyalty and honor that had been his. He realized that she had outgrown him ; but in what way or to what extent he did not know and she felt that he had lost some of his Eastern varnish and liked him better for it. Thus occupied with their own thoughts, each waited for the other to step across the line of aloofness that divided them and each was afraid to take the step. There had been so much uncertainty about their parting five years before ; so much doubt as to how they stood toward each other, that a common ground was hard to find. So, although there was no embarrassment, there was a certain

tenseness in the mental atmosphere that made them both fear a thunderstorm of the emotions. Finally the man chafing under the restraint, looked up.

"Tell me," he asked abruptly, "what you 've been doing all these years, and what you 've been thinking. I want to get back into your personality."

The girl stirred from her reverie and laughed. "This is a sudden interest," she replied. "One cannot keep in touch with the world, you know, unless they choose to. The scarcity of your letters does not speak of much desire on your part."

"They were n't very numerous, were they?" he agreed. "Two, I think."

"One," the girl corrected, "and that four years ago."

"One?" he repeated "yes that's so, only one — you ever got."

She caught at the last words, realizing that he was becoming occult — "I ever got?" she queried.

The man stirred uneasily, the conversation was taking him against his will into things he had wished to avoid; yet he felt impelled to go forward. "Listen" he began, "and please don't think me too big an ass. You see I — I used to write you every week big, long letters and then —"

"Yes?" she questioned, eagerly.

"And then, then when I had told you all about myself and what I thought, I used to burn them. It — it was sort of a relief writing them, "he finished lamely, with an embarrassed laugh."

The girl faced about on him indignantly. "How dared you?" she cried.

His hand clenched on the balustrade, but he did not move. "I did not know" he began, dully, "that you would mind — I did not know. They were only my own thoughts on paper. I never —"

"Oh!" she interrupted him, with a laugh that caught in

her throat. "Oh! I meant how dared you burn them." She leaned again on the balustrade. The man turned his head and looked curiously at her profile.

"That 's the loneliest thing of all," he meditated, aloud, "the loneliest thing of all, in coming back to the home that has forgotten you. You know your friends' faces; but you have lost your grip on their souls."

The girl smiled. "You say things just as you always did, do n't you?" she remarked, "How horribly serious you were apt to become on sudden notice and," after a pause, "how horribly dense. It was a shock. I think I liked you best for that reason. Tell me, are you still that way?"

"Lord knows," he answered, attempting to imitate her tone, "I have n't had so much to make me frivolous, except the eternal humor of living."

"Not even success?"

"No, not even success." He lingered over the last word as though it pleased his tongue. "There 's one thing to my credit though, I 'm the only man in the world who ever lived in the West five years and came back as poor as he went. Why, I have n't even a diamond shirt-stud to bespeak a future of fair promise."

"Five years—that after all is a very short while," philosophized the girl.

"Short, yes, in the doing of things," he assented; "but long, drearily long in the thinking, is my experience."

"You, what have you had to think about?" she demanded. "I imagined ranchmen never thought of anything but cattle and branding and other dreadful amusements."

"Thanks," he said, dryly "What then do you suppose we do when we spend whole nights in the saddle, or in the winter when the snow banks up or when sometimes we stop for a minute on the top of a mountain to look out over

the valley, what do you suppose I do when I do that?" a note of harshness came into his voice, "What do you suppose I think of?"

"I—how should I know?" she retorted. "If my soul has outgrown yours, of childish games I suppose, of hopscotch and hide-and-go-seek and —"

"Yes," he interrupted very gravely, "perhaps just that, and always there 's a little girl who is very sweet and kind to me and helps me out and never tells when she catches me—"

"And how many, many times she did in all sorts of evil," laughed the girl. For a moment the man was silent, gazing with memory-seeing eyes into the past, then—"You were a good little pal, were n't you?" he said.

"Were n't I?" she repeated, with just a touch of tears behind her voice, now grown serious. "Perhaps I've tried to be in the big games of life too; but then you never gave me quite a fair chance, you know."

"I?" exclaimed the man bitterly. "How could I give any one a fair chance when I did n't have one myself?"

"A fair chance," she corrected gently, "to help you and comfort you and send you out on your task, could I not have done that? Could not your best friend have done that?"

"You comfort me?" he cried. "How could you comfort me or how could I have come to you then and told you all I felt? No, I have a few crude ideas of the eternal fitness of things and they, at least, prevented that—"

"I know," she said, unconsciously putting her hand on his shoulder, "I know, and how silly that eternal fitness of things often is."

The man took his arms from the railing and faced towards her, "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What would I mean," she answered, something of astonishment in the calm eyes that looked back at him, "except

that I was your best friend and you were in trouble and going out all alone into a strange country? What would I mean except that you never said goodby, and I waited but you never came? Ah, why did you do that; what was your reason; what had I done to you?"

They were standing close together. From the garden at their feet came the heavy night-scent of flowers. The bending trees shut them off in a little world of shadows. Suddenly the man stretched out his arms, then let them fall limply. "Why," he said inarticulately, "why do you talk this way to me? Do'n't you see what you are doing? You are taking me back to where I stood, you are making me live over again five years of my life. Do you know what they have been, why the very eyes that God gave me have been unable to see for your image that stood before them? You have been at my left hand when I rode, you have sat beside me at a hundred camp-fires, and now—now when something of reality was coming back to me—" he stopped and caught his breath, his fingers clenching and unclenching at his sides.

The girl had stepped back, her eyes wide and panic-stricken, but her voice was still cool and soothing, save for a little catch in it. "Do n't," she said, "what are you doing? We must not talk this way."

"What am I doing? What am I doing? Why—making a fool of myself, I suppose. May I smoke?" He took out a cigarette and, lighting it, leaned once more on the balustrade.

The girl laughed nervously and resumed her position beside him. "We have been children," she said, "and I suppose that I should be going in. But since you have told me this—Ah, it might have been very sweet five years ago."

The man did not stir, his whole mind seemed bent on blowing smoke rings into the darkness, only had anyone

looked closely, they would have seen that his face was quite white. The girl turned restlessly towards the window and as she did so the curtains were drawn aside and a woman stood in the light that spread along the yew path from under red shaded lamps.

"Look," said the girl, "Mrs. Catherwood is nervous about us."

"That 's her normal condition, unless she 's changed." the man replied without interest returning to his contemplation of the sunken garden.

"We 'd best be going in" she urged: "besides, I 'm cold. Come!"

He threw his cigarette away and joined her. Mrs. Catherwood having completed her survey of the night closed the curtains and again the path was in darkness.

For a moment the man and the girl walked side by side in silence, then, "I suppose you are angry with me," he said. "Ah, but do n't be! do n't be! I am going away to-morrow and, well, I do n't think I could stand it if you were to be offended with me on the last evening I shall probably ever see you. I do n't know why it was: I did n't mean to tell you these things, but I had been thinking about them so long—and, well—I 'm not so perfect that I do n't lose my head, on occasions."

"You are going away?" she asked in surprised tones "Where? I thought you were to stay a month."

"Back west," he answered and, after a pause, "back home."

The girl looked up at him. "Home?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, "home. I was a fool ever to have come back here; I would be a still greater one to stay. Now, forgive me for what I have done to-night, forget what I have said." He spoke in his accustomed fashion, quite calmly, and his coolness seemed to stir the girl: for she stopped and turned towards him, and for the first time in

her voice there was a quality deeper than mere friendship or regret.

"No," she said, "I'll forgive if there is anything to be forgiven, but forget—why that's more than I can do." Suddenly she flashed out at him, "Do you think," she cried, "I can in one moment tear out from my life the page on which you have written your name? And oh, oh what a pitiful scribbler you have been. What a mess you've made of it all. Do you think I thought you loved me when you went away without a word, and you, could n't you have guessed what I thought? Do you think I cared whether you had a farthing to your name? Do you think a woman loves a man for his money? She might as well love him for his brains or his looks. Oh, you coward! you coward!" She leaned against a tree, panting, her hands pressed against her cheeks. "You coward!" she said again.

The man astonished, stared at her, his senses numbed with the joy, with the sorrow, with the regret, with the wonderment, with the suddenness of it all.

"Hush!" he managed to say at last, "hush! how could I have known? How could I have asked; how can I ask any woman to be my wife?"

The girl did not hear; all the pent-up thoughts of years were finding tongue. "And now, now," she resumed, "you come and tell me these things when it is too late—and now you have made me say what I will regret to the end of my life—oh, why did n't you tell me five years ago, when I could have listened? To-night has been so wrong, so utterly wrong."

The man did not grasp her meaning. "Wrong?" he questioned, "What has been wrong, unless that I am a beggar and dared to tell you that I loved you? You yourself said that was not wrong." With a sudden impulse he moved towards her. "See here!" he said,

"we'll begin all over again. Let's cut it all, I'm tired of this eternal fitness of things. Come west, young woman, west, and I'll never be a fool again, except about you." He bent over her, laughing. It was a good world after all. The girl stared up at him as if she had just realized his presence. Slowly she took her hands from her face and slowly held them out towards him. They shone white in the darkness and bare, except that on a finger of the left hand there was a single ring.

"A woman of itself," he quoted.

"You do n't understand," she whispered.

He looked down again, puzzled. "Well," he asked, "well, what about it?"

"What about it," she answered "all for good or bad, in all the rest of my life, I suppose."

"He smiled and shook his head. "I never was good at riddles," he said.

The girl drew a great sobbing breath. "Just this," she said, "for three months I have been engaged and in two weeks I am to be married. This is his ring and while I wear it I am pledged to him and I cannot take it off, for he has been kinder to me than anyone else has been in all the world. Now do you see the wrong?"

The man looked down at the path and then up at her face, a twisted smile on his lips. "Oh!" he said thickly, "so that's it, is it? And no one ever told me. So you are going to marry—whom?"

She did not answer. "Oh, I know," he resumed like a child guessing a secret, "I know. It's Johnnie Leonard, old Johnnie Leonard. I might have discovered that—I heard your names together, but then somehow—somehow I never thought of you as being engaged. So it's old Johnnie Leonard?" The girl nodded her head, but he did not see her. "Old Johnnie Leonard—why I used to know him, did n't I—Was n't he my best friend? And he never

told me. He—he always was absent-minded." Suddenly and in a changed tone: "Do you love him?" he demanded.

The girl flushed; but they were too near reality for her to question long his right to ask. "Why—" she began, then hesitated, for someone in the room beyond them struck the keys of the piano in a prelude and a woman's voice catching the silver thread of the melody carried it along.

"So the year's done with :
(' Love me forever : ')
All March begun with,
April's endeavour ; "

The man stared with drawn eyelids into the night—"You used to sing that," he said. Once again he compelled the girl's eyes. "Tell me," he commanded, "do you love him?"

She faltered and held back and the voice of the singer cried to the minor accompaniment. The man shivered. "Do n't," he said, huskily, "do n't tell me."

For answer the girl raised her hands and on the finger of the left hand the jewel was missing. "Look!" she murmured, her eyes like flowers after a thunder-storm. "Look! I have lost my ring."

For a moment the man stood quite still; presently he looked up, above her white arms and white, throbbing throat, her defiant chin, her sweet, up-tilted nose, to her eyes. For a moment they remained so, her hands in his, the man and the girl drawing nearer to each other, catching shreds of infinite thoughts. For a moment they remained so and understood; then once more the minor chords of the singer, jangled with the great harp they had been playing.

" May-wreaths that bound me,
June needs must sever :
Now snows fall round me
Quenching June's fever —
(' Love me forever — Love me forever ')

cried the voice. The song ended in a crash of notes and the man drew himself together, with a long intake of his breath, then, "See," he said, stooping down, "I have found your ring."

Maxwell S. Burt.

Roses

The roses of yesterday—where are they?
Faded, brown, and blown away?
 Reft of their beauty and radiant bloom,
 Come other buds to take their room?
Well, ah, well, they have had their day.

But bolder buds preserve, they say,
Into the summer the cheeks of May.
 These, gallantry forbids assume
 The roses of yesterday.

Old cynic, you laugh in your crabbed way,
"Young together, I am gray.
 Strange how they avert Time's doom."
 Forbear, old laughter, to exhume—
Time hath no need that you betray
 The roses of yesterday.

Raymond Sanderson Williams.

"The Monteforte Manuscript"

"This is the parchment," said the Marquis. "It is very old, as you see. The thing may be the product of some imaginative scribbler—you can decide for yourself—but it has been here in the library ever since the Montefortes have held the château, and that is some time, three centuries at least."

I took the yellow manuscript and glanced over the peculiar, obsolete chirography. It was written in unfamiliar French, abounding with phonetic spellings and showed clearly that the author had not been a professional penman. In fact it might have been the masterpiece of an educated nobleman of several centuries ago.

"Read it," said the marquis. "It will interest you." And I read.

Life for me ended to-night. What it held in the past is gone; what it brings in the future matters not. I go out into the world to-morrow to follow my destiny, a destiny of which I had not dreamed twelve hours ago. Can one in the moments succeeding the annihilation of every hope, the hope of life itself, sit him down and tell the narrative of that overthrow? Yes—it must be done for a few of those I leave, and my emotions are numb as I take my quill and write.

It is scarcely four hours since this gloomy old château, silent as a crypt, laughed with the merry rout of our aristocracy, gathered at the request of the hopeful young Marquis d'Engrémonte, in honor of his birthday—my birthday. There was a pulse of subdued interest in the gay crowd for the announcement of the engagement of the young marquis to the beautiful Mademoiselle d'Orcourt was expected by many—the announcement of my engagement.

It would have been a happy culmination of a happy courtship, for our names had been linked since childhood and our marriage was in every detail the ideal alliance. Romance may have been lacking; love too easy and lovers too well matched; but we were too contented to notice.

Elise and I had slipped from the ballroom for a few moments of quiet chat free from my duties as host, and I was smiling at the beautiful girl by my side, smiling from sheer happiness at having her near and in anticipation of the time, not many minutes hence, when I should rise and tell the secret which everyone for miles knew. As we sat chatting, the measured music and rhythmic footbeats of the minuet drifted to us like an expression of our content.

"A happy evening, Guy," croaked a hoarse voice, that had not a note in harmony with the merriment of the night.

It was the voice of the old marquis. Somewhere in the north wing of the château, the stern eagle of the d'Engrémontes hid himself and seldom appeared, save in moments of family death and trouble, so seldom, that in my life, I, his heir, had seen him less than a dozen times. I knew it was for no trivial matter that the old marquis intruded at such a merry hour and a shudder of foreboding ran through me as rising, I turned and answered.

"Very happy for me, uncle."

I had not been in the presence of the head of the family since my mother's funeral and as he stood before me I had my first good view of him. The marquis, I had heard my father say, was tall and graceful in his youth but the old man before me was stooped and his flesh had shrivelled on his bones, till his black clothing hung in folds. It was not the gaunt figure, however, which held my eyes, but the eagle features and splotched face, bloodless as paste, beneath the white flowing locks.

"Your grace honors us at a very opportune time," I

said with an effort. "I am happy to present Mademoiselle d'Orcourt as my betrothed, first to my liege."

The marquis bowed gracefully and said "Mademoiselle has greatly honored our family." Then he added, "You must pardon the appearance of this ugly raven among all this fine plumage, but it was necessary that I should speak with Guy immediately. Forgive me for bearing him away, for I would not willingly bring even a wrinkle of vexation to your pretty eyes. Come Guy."

The order was peremptory and ill-timed, but I had been bred to obey the marquis without question. A shadow of uneasiness crossed the face of Elise at the command, but she smiled her consent.

Taking a single taper, the white-haired marquis in silence led the way from the main part of the château into the gloomy north wing, which had always contained his exclusive apartments, and I followed the little light through the darkness of the hallway, till the old man suddenly stopped, and pushed open a door. After allowing me to pass in, he entered and closed it.

A few steps from the threshold I halted abruptly, startled at the proportions of the chamber, which was gigantic even to me, accustomed as I was to the roomy halls of the château. The walls rose straight from the floor to the bare beams of the roof without an opening, save the door through which we had entered, and halfway up them on every side, except for a huge fireplace at my front, great book shelves lined the chamber. The scant furniture was massive and several rugs were scattered about the fireplace. A few candles were struggling with the darkness but the chief light came from the fire. I looked overhead and through a skylight shone the thin crescent of the moon.

The marquis motioned me to a seat and stood for a time looking into the fire. At last, turning toward me, he spoke.

"More than forty years ago, I sat where now you sit, a same hopeful heir, and received my heritage from another old and broken marquis d'Engrémonte, such as stands before you. It was not this great château nor its wide lands, but the grim legacy of our race, known only to those lone knights who have borne the name of Guy d'Engrémonte, and this it now in turn devolves on me to give into the keeping of the new heir."

The old marquis ceased. Stepping to one side of the chamber, he pulled back from the wall a section of book shelves which swung on hinges and disclosed an iron door. The heavy door opened with a rasping groan and the old man, taking a candle, threw its light into the closet, saying bitterly,

"Here Guy, is the inheritance of the marquis d'Engrémonte."

I had followed each movement with a nervous dread and when the marquis spoke, I leaped to the open door and stared. In the sickly light of the candle an indistinct apparition crouched on the floor and two green filmy eyes burned in the darkness at my feet. A monkey claw, yet a human hand, passed over the flaming eyes, which held my own spellbound, and a ghostly, heart-stricken moan rose from the grovelling heap. As my eyes pierced the shadows, I marked with a loathing fascination the creature's squat hunched-backed form, the short shapeless legs, swollen to the club feet and the hairy arms, thin and spidery. I studied the enormous head, lolling from one side to the other, with its great slobbering mouth, that grinned and showed its saws of green venomous teeth. But what chilled my blood and sickened me was the terrible recognition, unmistakable in spite of the hideous repulsiveness — the monster possessed somehow a resemblance to the d'Engrémontes.

"You understand," said the old marquis pityingly.

"Just so I stood with your murdered hopes, disgust and despair. Like you I was forced to forsake my betrothed without a word to become the keeper of that creature, and all these years I have watched, abhorred by those I protected, for no one, not even your father, knew the secret of that closet. Love and ambition for you must die here, as they died for me years ago, and, cut off from the world, you must guard that monster, as a secret shame. Day and night your caution must not relax, for it is cunning as sin, with the strength and speed of a beast, and doubly fettered, as it is, in the hour you feel most secure it slips these manacles and breaks these locks. Then you must meet it and force it back into its chains. Do not fear, for though powerful it is a coward in a struggle."

The marquis ungloved his hands and bared his arms.

"Look," he said, holding them out. They were marked from the finger tips to the elbows with frightful scars which looked like burns. "My body is covered with these prints of that devil's teeth and claws. His bite is the bite of a venomous snake and the poison runs in your veins."

"Must my whole life be linked with that forever?" I groaned.

"Till death!" answered the marquis. "I pity you my boy, there is no choice."

I clinched my hands in despair as I thought of the years to come with no Elise, but always fronted with that revolting sight. The monster seemed to divine my thoughts and grinning at me maliciously, maddened me to insanity.

"Till death," the marquis repeated softly. "Do not hope that it will die. In this room are chronicles which give its history back to times which daze. When death comes to you, the last d'Engrémonte, perhaps this accursed being will find its peace."

The old man's voice died into a whisper and I heard him fall against the wall. Forgetting my hideous charge, I sprang to assist him.

"Watch," he gasped.

The marquis must have intuitively cried his warning, for the cunning monster had somehow slipped his chains and leaped past me into the chamber. I threw myself upon it, grappling its loathsome body, and it sunk its foul teeth into my arms. The pain loosened my hold and the creature dashed to the hall door, tore it open, and disappeared in the darkness of the hallway. I was but a second behind, but too late.

The old man was lying on the floor unconscious and breathing heavily when I returned; but in a moment he opened his eyes, and seeing the blood on my hands, whispered hoarsely, "Has it escaped?" I lowered my head.

He raised on his elbow and straining his failing voice, cried, "Hunt it down! Hunt it down! I am going and the trust is yours. Hunt—"

The old marquis stiffened and the light faded from his eyes.

My blood had been frozen by the night's events and I returned calmly to the merry making of the château. The music and the laughter of the dance was still ringing in the ballroom. I waited till the dance ceased and stepping into the midst of the gay crowd I said bluntly:

"The evening, my friends, is over. My uncle, the marquis d'Engrémonte has just died."

The guests departed quickly and among the last went Elise. As she looked into my haggard face she whispered. "I did not know you cared so much. But then you are now all alone—except me."

Alone and in the darkness of the night I have just laid the old marquis in the vault with his ancestors and before daybreak, set out in quest of that hideous creature with whom I am bound for life.

"What do you think of it?" asked Monteforte as I finished.

"I don't know," I answered.

Without further remark, he stepped to one side of the great room in which we were sitting, and swinging a section of book shelves away from the wall, he showed an iron door. He opened this with a curious key and on the floor of the closet lay a heap of rusty chains and manacles.

Robert Rinehart.

A Lullaby

Hope 's a flower that blows in May,
Hush, my baby, sleep,
We shall gather it some day,
Sleep now, sleep.

Joy 's a song that rings in June,
Sleep, my baby, sleep,
We shall hear its music soon,
Hush, now sleep.

Love 's a star, forever bright,
Hush, my baby, sleep.
See! it shines for us to-night,
Now sleep, sleep.

George Tucker Bispham, Jr.

"Black Jack's" Last Raid

The wind was blowing the dust in clouds down Chadbourne Street, the main thoroughfare of the great city of San Angelo. It was in the heat of the day and the street was deserted except for the solitary figure of a horseman passing down it. The appearance of both horse and rider was that of having travelled long and hard. The latter was dressed as a cowboy, his broad-brimmed sombrero pulled well down over his face, perhaps to shade his eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun, perhaps to escape observation. Still, enough of his countenance was visible beneath it to disclose a strong chin and mouth and an expression of powerful will and dauntless energy. It was a face that had once been a handsome one and might still have been, but for the effect of wind and weather upon it, and the habitual sinister glance from beneath the heavy eyebrows. That he was no ordinary cowboy, his erect form, his air of command, and the value of his horse and outfit gave evidence. He was probably one of that singular race of men, to which the exploration and civilizing of our western states gave birth.

From the "Arc-light" saloon on the corner there came the sound of laughter and the clink of glasses. "Arkansas" Jim, the barkeep, from behind his little fortress of bottles and beer-kegs, was holding forth to a select crowd of cowboys, loafers, and soldiers from the neighboring post. His harangue had turned on the every day topics of the cattle business, the lack of rain, the shooting of "Big Tim" Jones down at Sonora the week before. Presently some one set up to another drink all around and, on the strength of this, Jim began again.

"I hear 'Black Jack's' gang is all busted up since that trouble last spring," he said. "They do say 's how the old man himself 's goin' t' git good for a change, to make up

for his past sins, if folks give him a chance. That 's luck for yer! Kill six men an' terrorize a hull section for years, and never have the law on yer once! Hain't seen him round here for a coon's age. I hear he's been makin' up t' Sal Williams out San Jose way, an 's goin' t' git married an' reform."

"Mebbe, he'll be leading some of them Methody camp meetin's next," came the voice of Bill Gaines from a dark corner, whereat there was a laugh from the crowd. Bill, besides being notably the biggest coward in the vicinity, was generally supposed to have designs on Sal Williams himself. "Anyhow," he went on, "Jack 's got to reckon with me, if he's goin' to git married in that quarter."

He was interrupted at this point by the entrance of the solitary cowboy, who, having dismounted before the saloon, had stood for some moments outside the door, listening to the conversation. As he entered and tipped back his hat, there was an exclamation of surprise from the company.

"Why, damn if 't aint 'Black Jack' himself," exclaimed Jim the barkeep, "hello Jack!" he went on, as he stuck out his dirty hand across the bar.

"Keep your hands to yourself, and gi' me a drink," was the reply.

Not a whit abashed, Jim handed the stranger his portion of raw whiskey, of which the latter promptly disposed. As he finished, he turned with a sneer upon the astonished assemblage.

"You 're a fine lot of palaverin' old maids to call yourselves men," he said, "and you, Bill Gaines, if you want to see me about any question of marriage or of any other kind you can see me down on the Rio Grande. Tell your friends 'Black Jack' 's been in town and invites 'em all to a Methody camp meetin' he 's goin' to have down there in about four days. You can tell the sheriff he 's invited too."

There was no reply and a dead silence followed him as

he turned and walked out of the saloon. A faint attempt at a laugh was started at Gaines' expense, but it died before it was fairly born.

"I wonder if Bill 'll go to the weddin' and the camp meetin'," remarked "Arkansaw" Jim sagely, as the party broke up.

It was a little after sunset, when "Black Jack" rode out of town and across the Concho by the southern trail. Here and there lights were beginning to glimmer in the town behind him and from the post on the heights across the river. The short southern twilight was deepening rapidly into night. The solitary horseman followed the trail, which bore away sharply to the right and out across the prairie. Presently it divided, and the rider, halting, gave a peculiar whistle. It was answered and, almost immediately, a mounted figure, leading an extra horse, was beside him. "Black Jack" transferred his saddle and bridle in silence to the fresh animal, which he mounted. Then he turned to his companion.

"I fixed the money business in Angelo all right," he said, "old Sam, you know him, cashed them drafts for me and I've got every damned cent of the amount in cash right on me now. Is everything all right?" he added.

"Could n't be better," the stranger replied in a low voice. "We got the last of the bunch together this morning down on the divide, about five thousand head in all, I should say. The boys have started already an' 're goin' slow 'till we join 'em. We ought to git to the Pecos before these people ever get a smell of what 's goin' on, an' from there 't aint nothin' to the Rio Grande. Sal Williams sure fixed them San Jose people. If it had n't been for her we would n't ha' made half the haul we hev. She knows we 're comin' out the San Jose road and she's waitin' for you out there to night."

"It just happens we aint goint to take the San Jose

road, though," broke in "Black Jack," as he put spurs to his horse, "we 're goin' by way of Sonora."

"Why, the girl 'd sell her soul to the devil for you," cried his companion. "You aint goin' to desert her, are you Jack?"

"Yes, damn you," was the leader's reply, "we 're playin' about our last game. It's Mexico or the gallows for all of us."

No other word was spoken and, their horses breaking into an easy lope, they disappeared in the darkness.

The next morning there was a stir in San Angelo. Outside the doors of the little telegraph office an excited crowd was discussing the news. "Black Jack" had turned up and was gone again, and with him were gone some thousands of head of the finest cattle in the county and a bunch of as desperate men as Southwest Texas had ever seen. A cowboy had brought in the news early that morning, and the telegraph people were momentarily expecting further intelligence. In the office, a uniformed orderly from the fort stood waiting in a corner, while the anxious-looking operator vainly clicked his instrument for a reply which failed to come. For "Black Jack's" men did their work well, and some thousand feet of good copper wire was at that moment making acquaintance with the muddy bottom of the Concho.

The post across the river was apparently deserted. But a jaded horse stood before the commandant's house and in his office a girl was addressing him hurriedly.

"You know me, sir. I'm Sal Williams from San Jose and I can show you where the gang's gone. I stole the cattle for him, sir. I was goin' off with him and he left me behind." A fierce look crept into her eyes as she went on. "I know where the gang's gone. We can get him yet but you've got to be a hull sight quicker'n you fellows usually are."

The colonel stepped to the door and addressed a few words to the orderly in the next room.

"Will you go with us?" he asked the girl, as he returned to his desk.

"Down to Mexico to catch him," she returned.

A bugle call from the parade interrupted them, and the stirring notes of "boots and saddles" changed the quarters into a scene of confusion. In less than half an hour two troops of cavalry, equipped and prepared for dirty work, were trotting in column of fours down the San Jose trail, and half a mile from town. At their head rode the bronzed colonel and beside him the girl. Hour after hour the column rode on at a steady jog-trot, the leaders never exchanging a word, he from the habitual taciturnity of an old campaigner, she buried in intimate thought.

But there was another familiar face in the party. Bill Gaines, who had recognized ability as a scout, had obtained the colonel's permission to ride with the column, and Bill had reasons of his own for joining it. But, strange to say, his suit with the young lady who rode at the colonel's side was not progressing rapidly. Sal utterly ignored him.

"When Jack's out of the way, mebbe she'll look at things different, though," he said to himself.

It was their third day on the march and, in the cool of the afternoon, the column was advancing slowly, for the horses were showing signs of giving out. From the plain of the Concho they had struck up into the hills and then across a corner of the great Staked Plain. Now the Pecos was behind them and they were in the wilderness, the Rio Grande less than fifty miles away. With unerring precision, the girl had led them and they were now within striking distance of their quarry.

In a wooded bottom the column halted, and preparation for a sudden attack were made. Beyond the steep little hill before them, was the rendezvous of the despe-

radoes. It was a spot known to perhaps but thirty persons. Of these, twenty-nine were, at present, seated about a camp fire in its midst. The girl was the thirtieth. She hurriedly explained to the colonel how he must station part of his men at the further end of the valley to cut off the retreat of the desperadoes. There seemed to be no sign of emotion, as she thus betrayed the man she had loved.

Long after the dismounted troopers had departed, and were advancing up the hills surrounding the doomed camp, she sat apart. Her face was gradually losing the expression of indifference it had worn. Suddenly she sprang up with a kind of suppressed sob and crept away up the hillside. But she was not alone. A figure followed her from the camp, dogging her every footstep. Before she reached the top of the hill the firing began; as she passed the summit, the surprised and terrified raiders were scattering about the valley in a vain hope of escape.

But where was "Black Jack"? She knew he would be where most of his men were. A little bunch of them were running up the hillside almost directly toward her. With a start she recognized him among them, but, even as she did so, he stumbled and fell and his companions, pressing on in their terror, left him behind. She noticed, as he tried to rise, that his left arm hung useless. By the ghastly paleness of his face, she saw that he had been shot. In an instant she was at his side. He started back and for a minute there was silence. Then :

"My God, girl, did you do this?" he cried, and pushed her from him. But she clung to him.

"Oh, forgive me, Jack," she moaned, "forgive me, I could n't help it. Why did you leave me? I'd ha' died for you, Jack. Come, quick," she went on, in a changed tone, "there's time to get away yet." She was dragging the great fellow up the hill.

Suddenly a figure blocked the way. It was Bill Gaines, a six-shooter in either hand.

"Sort of a Methody prayer meetin' this," he leered, "only there aint no preacher." He dropped his pistol to within six feet of the wounded man's breast and fired. "I guess we 're square, Jack," he cried. There was a scream and some one fell. It was the girl.

The two men stepped back and there was silence for a moment. Bill did not raise his smoking pistol again. The hand which held it dropped to his side. From the far end of the valley came sudden shouts and the crack of rifles, as the last of the raiders found their retreat cut off. Around the two men the silence was oppressive. Farther up the hillside the birds were beginning to sing again. The last rays of the sunset, slanting across the crest of the opposite hill, fell full upon the figure of "Black Jack." He glanced from the huddled little mass in the gray riding suit at his feet to the thing opposite him. Then he sprang upon the murderer.

Down they went and for a moment there was a fearful struggle. But in spite of his broken arm, "Black Jack" was the better man. Despair lent him strength and he arose bleeding and exhausted, as the troopers closed in upon the scene of the combat.

So they took him redhanded and next month, up in Colorado, they hanged him with his arm in a sling. And they said afterwards that his head came off when the drop went down. There was not a mourner at the funeral. But somewhere, away down in the wilderness, between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, the coyotes were howling over the graves of a man and a girl—the last victims of "Black Jack."

Charles Ames Brooks.

Ivan Turgenev: a Sketch of his Work

There is an old tale of a hermit who dwelt in some secluded forest withdrawn from the busy life of men. Once, after he had been living thus for a few years, a traveller, a learned man, stayed over night at his hut and, during their talk, let fall a hint which so fired the imagination of the hermit that he at once set to work to put the idea into a practical invention. For twenty years he labored, and then, the invention perfected, made it known to the world, only to find that his contrivance had been invented some eighteen years before.

One who, working in a similar manner, would seek to exploit Turgenev to the world, would be equally neglecting to take into consideration an already-existing acquaintanceship with his writings. Literary fads for something foreign, something strange to most readers, are necessarily a part of the life of a people whose taste is not yet hardened in a characteristic mould; and they breed a race of literary discoverers forever exploiting some unappreciated genius or unearthing some writer long forgotten. Nevertheless, this spirit of discovery may prove stimulating and not altogether useless.

For the thorough enjoyment and appreciation of his works the obstacles are not insignificant. No amount of faithfulness can hope to reproduce in a translation the exact flavor of the original. There is a faint, but inevitable, pallor about a translation, a lack of animation, as in the expression of a face asleep. We are continually haunted by an unmistakable though indefinite sensation of a something higher, keener, more savory that must be in the original. Here and there a sort of fitful glimmer hovers over a phrase or a scene, vaguely suggesting, like a 'will-o'-the-wisp,' a presence that is only half realized. This feeling imposes upon us an idea of what the strength and charm of that presence must be in the native Russian.

Another difficulty to our penetrating into the heart of Turgenev is that his books breath the atmosphere of a land and people we do not know. The Slavs are enigmatical to themselves, and consequently not quite plain to us. After all, it is simply the old story of an alien race into whose soul we cannot enter, whose deepest life is inexplicable and unintelligible to us.

After the first few pages of Turgenev, we are struck by the difference between him and our comrades among the English novelists—a difference of language and background not only, but of deeper root, though growing out of them—a dissimilarity of method and of spirit. He was gifted with the artistic nature in its most perfect form. His characters, once brought upon the stage, act out their parts for themselves and with no meddling from the prompter. He is able to say of a character who has won her way into our affections, she smiled sweetly "*and a little foolishly.*" How few novelists permit a charming and delightful woman to smile foolishly with the audience looking on! And Turgenev refrains, with a restraint that is almost unhuman, from the natural and satisfactory, but not entirely true or artistic method of plastering his villains with mud and meting out to them swift retribution after the manner of the "instructive" book. "It was a new method" he says "as well as a new type that I introduced—that of Realizing instead of Idealizing. The reader is easily thrown into perplexity when the author does not show clear sympathy or antipathy to his own child." Still, this is the way in life, and the author should move the people of his world with an inscrutable design corresponding to that which prevails here.

It has been said that Turgenev was "born impersonal" which would be truer if altered to read that he was born impartial, for no human-hearted man can be impersonal. He transcribed, as it were, the conversation and action of

his men and women and analyzed their souls, but he forbore to append his personal opinions on their conduct. He lavished no uncalled-for compassion on his unfortunates and wasted no jibes or unnatural retribution on his villains. Yet who that knows the pathetic picture of old Lemm, the German musician in *Lisa*, or the ironical portrait of Varvara Pavlovna, doubts either his tenderness or his scorn? It was his kindliness and softness of heart and his gift of humor that saved this artistic method from becoming lifeless and kept his creations human.

Turgenev's greatest talent lies in the field of creation and analysis of character, and his most important limitation is his relative weakness in combining his people into a consequent plot—a want of “architecture”, as he named it. His method was to take a group of characters and study carefully their mental traits and then let them act as their nature demanded, instead of imagining a plot and forcing the characters to conform to it. The first method results in a study of characters and their relations, the second, of which Scott is a good example, gives an exciting tale. In one method the character determines the plot, in the other the plot forms the character. Turgenev is primarily a psychologist, an analyst of human beings, and, we may say, only incidentally a story teller. Perhaps a vote would elect Scott and the elder Dumas to a higher place in point of natural gifts (for the world has seen few inspired tellers of tales) over the Balzacs and George Eliots, and Turgenev would thus gain a lesser glory, had he not the higher gift of poetry.

The “prose poet” is such a common species, now-a-days, that the significance of the phrase has become weakened and nearly meaningless. Although the lack of another term constrains us to call Turgenev a ‘prose poet,’ we attach a meaning to the epithet. He sees more clearly and directly into the beauty and the reality of things; his

observations and insight are not only keen and deep, but are permeated and transmuted by the indefinable magic of poetry. This is the subtle thread that binds his men and women together, making ample amends for the comparative absence of a plot of the formal, consequent sort, and gives his books their harmony and coherence. And it is this quality that forever differentiates Turgenev from that school of "realists" which has taken him to its bosom without realizing how fundamentally he differs from them. They observe the reality and reproduce it faithfully and accurately and add nothing more, he too sees the reality and reproduces it as faithfully and accurately, but he sees the beauty and poetry also transform the reality.

In some passages of that exquisite novel *Liza*, we have the "bird-haunted" air of *As You Like It* as near perfection as prose can be. The characters are managed with the deftness and precision of a delicate and consummate art, the situations are marvellously compressed and restrained, and the style has the lightness and freshness of a day in early spring. Turgenev's robust, vigorous soul seems oppressed by the air of cities (his novels are nearly always laid in the suburbs or at country estates) and he feels an insistent longing for the vast sweep and expanse of the steppes, for glorious sunsets and starlit skies till, after a while, we begin delightedly to look forward to the out-door scenes, and we too go with a sense of relief out from the heat of houses into the cool, pure air of the country.

However, although Turgenev's art is delicate, there is no suggestion of weakness or prettiness about it. This is a necessary statement, for it seems to be a characteristic of the English and American mind to associate delicacy with feebleness. A man must wear an expression of gloom, or it comes hard for us to believe in his seriousness, and we accept power and ponderousness as synonyms. Yet Baza-

rov, in *Fathers and Children*, is a giant, though there is nothing dull or ponderous in his make-up. Turgenev's structures are built of thin steel—he finds no use for clumsy beams of wood. He shows that the impression of strength and power is best obtained by restraint and that emotion is conveyed more by compression than by elaboration. There is one scene in *Lisa* that proves this better than a volume of abstractions. Lavretsky has returned to his relations after his wife has deserted him. His cousin, Madame Kalitine, has mistaken his forced composure for insensibility. His old aunt, Marfa, understands him better:—

“Here is a picture of what was taking place that same evening in the Kalitines' house . . . Up stairs, in Marfa Timofeevna's room, the light of the lamp, which hung in the corner before the age embrowned sacred pictures, fell on Lavretsky, as he sat in an arm-chair, his elbows resting on his knees, his face hidden in his hands. In front of him stood the old lady, who from time to time passed her hand over his hair. He spent more than an hour with her after taking leave of the mistress of the house, he scarcely saying a word to his kind old friend, and she not asking him any questions. And why should he have spoken; what could she have asked? She understood all so well, she so fully sympathized with all the feelings which filled his heart.”

Turgenev spent many years away from Russia, in Germany and France and occasionally in England, which gave him a knowledge of other peoples that helped him to a clearer sight of his own countrymen, and furnished a perspective for judging his country as a whole that a writer on the ground can never obtain. “Distance lends enchantment” is a refreshingly true commonplace, and for Turgenev Russia had somewhat of the far-away, dream-like charm that Stevenson in Samoa felt for Edinburgh.

This spirit, a sense of being away from the object and the consequent sharper perception of the essentials, is behind all Turgenev's novels as a force that coördinates them into a unity of spirit they would not otherwise have. They deal with domestic life, families play the comedy, there are no battles, armies, great officials, large happenings, yet always we are conscious that the life and aspirations and shortcomings of a nation are being revealed into bare sight before us, and constantly we feel the faint presence of a people's soul.

Turgenev's novels are symbolic and his characters typical—words that carry to a Saxon mind a sort of chilly qualm and a dread of formal lifelessness. But his symbolism is not mathematical and his types are not soulless abstractions. It is wisest for an English reader to rest content with what the Russians themselves tell him of the symbolic import of these tales, for we are too far away, too unlike in spirit, to have a worthy opinion. We can best appreciate his novels as books of human meaning, memorable for their wonderful wisdom and their profound interpretation of life. Considered in this light, they have little less significance to us than to Russians, though the significance is of a different and more general kind. Although *On the Eve* may have a political meaning to Russians, we and the world are grateful to it for Shoubine and Ellen; Bazarov may be the type of the modern scientific mind applied to politics, but he is also a human being; *Fathers and Children* itself probably contains a lesson to Russians, but we prefer to see in it the more universal truths of the inevitable estrangement between the present generation and the preceding—between fathers and children—and between every generation and the one that has gone before.

Americans, by the same principle of isolation made use of above, and from an unavoidable, because inherent, lack of sympathy with Russians, and an incapacity to comprehend

or to appreciate the significance of local or national allusions, are in a peculiarly favorable position to compare Turgenev's novels with the universal standards according to which they will be judged as contributions to the world's literature. His individual characters are a family of men and women whose social standing, so to speak, entitles them to a cherished place in our circle of literary friends and enemies. Bazarov is a strong and honest hero; Marfa Timofeevna—kind, irascible, sharp-tongued old Marfa—Ellen and Liza; old Lemm, the man who has failed, whose dreams have come to nothing, for whom life has held much bitterness; Varvara Pavlovna, Becky Sharp's sister; that consummate ass, Kallomystsev; these and many more, are real people to us, as Balzac's creatures were to him, and will have an assured place in our memory. They have the stamp of genuineness on them, the indefinable, but unmistakable mark of reality, which is baffling to demonstrate, though at once and easily recognized.

Turgenev's greatest importance to Americans consists in the fact that he can say a new word on the art of novel writing. He is the trained and skilful master of technique, the manipulator of an elastic and exquisite style—in all respects the delicate, the restrained, the consummate artist. His cosmopolitanism gives him a wide horizon and an inclusive sympathy with different races of men. He is a man of the world, yet his novels have none, or almost none, of that old-world knowingness and paralyzing cynicism which we have come to associate with Europe and which always stirs a more or less strong spirit of antagonism in an Anglo-Saxon; for although he often deals with phases of life that we have not yet become "emancipated" enough or are too hypocritical to put into our books, their spirit is always pure and wholesome. His characters are drawn with an un-

faltering instinct for the true in life and are animated and glorified by the hand of a poet. He is a skilful and worthy master.

Raymond Sanderson Williams.

On a First View of the Rhine.

Thou noble Rhine, majestic, grand and slow,
As not unmindful of thine ancient dower,
Whose heritage is yon grey, ivied tower,
And purple-glinting vineyard far below ;
Safe borne on thy protecting bosom flow
The hopes and fears of German hall and bower,
Whose martial sons and dauntless, mail-clad power
Upon thy bank stalk grimly to and fro :

Thou art beside her holy boundary stream,
Her theme of glory, of her song, her heart,
Whence came her gods and all her early dream,
The thoughts that bygone splendors will impart ;
The home from whence her thousand legends creep ;
Sacred, wherein a nation's glories sleep.

Ames Brooks.

Her Mate

The Indians call the West: "The land where the sun lives" and believe it is the country to which spirits go, following the red trail of the sunset as it stretches its last slanting rays across the earth. It is, to them, an enchanted country, and those who live in the West and love it have felt, at one time or another, its enchantment. The prairies, the foot-hills, the mountains, all have their mystery. And a part of this mystery is the coyote.

Muggins was a collie on one of the ranches in Colorado. He was a quiet, willing dog and we all were fond of him. After the manner of the Mexicans, he enjoyed the "siesta," and in this respect he rivaled our cook in the length and frequency of his naps; yet when it came to cutting out a cow there were few dogs that could equal him. It was his desire for sleep, at all times of the day, that aroused my curiosity and finally led me to the discovery of another side of his life.

One night, I sat in the doorway of the cabin gazing out across the moonlit stretches and pulling drowsily at my pipe. The stars twinkled brightly and now and then the voice of some night creature came floating through the air. Suddenly, I was startled from my dreaming by a figure which slipped out of the shadow of the corral and loped away towards the strip of cotton-woods which marked the course of a little stream running nearby. I recognized Muggins when he had gone but a short distance and waited to see what would happen. Soon, I heard him utter several short barks. There was a silence. Twice again I heard the barks. He seemed to be waiting each time as though expecting an answer. At last it came: the cry of a coyote.

On the edge of the table-land which ends in a high bluff

a short distance back of the ranch buildings, a coyote sat sharply outlined in the moonlight. Muggins had taken a mate from the tribe of his wild kindred. As the two trotted side by side across the flats, I understood why he so often slept in the daytime.

Going silently through the brush, they surprised a small flock of sage-hens, sleeping peacefully, and captured two before they could escape. They were adepts at still hunting.

Back in a rock-walled canyon in the foot-hills was a small den carefully hidden from all but the most searching eyes. In answer to a short bark, two little furry balls came tumbling and rolling out of the hole, falling over each other in their eagerness. The father and mother had just returned, each with a sage-hen dangling from its jaws. The little fellows showed no hesitation, but straightway pounced upon the birds. With fierce growls, they tugged and tore at them often stopping to cough out a mouthful of feathers. They were, apparently, not troubled with any doubts as to their ability to devour a supper nearly as large as themselves. Stretched out on the ground, the two older ones looked on with fond eyes. From my hiding place behind a boulder, I watched the scene. The largest one of the group would hardly have been recognized as Muggins. He had thrown off the behavior, even the look of a dog, and seemed as truly as the rest, wild.

The depredations of the coyotes had finally reached such a point that the ranchmen determined to wage war on them in earnest. Each saddle was slung with a rifle. When they rode the range, the cow-punchers kept a sharper lookout than usual for the slinking grey figures which seemed to evade them with as much ease as they did the traps and poison we had set out. One night, late in the summer, several of the boys were coming home

from a dance at a neighboring ranch and while skirting along the foot-hills one of them caught sight of a band of four coyotes. Although there was only the dim light of the moon, the men began shooting at them and just as the leader of the band was disappearing into a narrow gulch a chance shot hit him and he went down. However, he regained his feet and all four were soon out of sight.

When the cook stepped out-doors the next morning he stumbled over the body of Muggins stretched out on the door-step. The dog was dead, and a bullet-hole in his side, with the hair matted around it, showed the manner of his death. As we gathered around, recalling where we had last seen him, mentioning his little characteristics, one of the men exclaimed: "Here 's the big coyote we shot last night. You remember, Paul, that band we saw by the foot-hills? Muggins was their leader and in the dim light we did n't recognize him."

We buried him near a big cotton-wood tree on which one of the men carved with his knife in true cowboy style: "Muggins, he died with his boots on."

A slender grey coyote waited long that night on the bluff at the edge of the table-land. Finally she went away to hunt alone. Night after night she sat on her haunches and waited. And at last she found where he was buried. The western moon shone down softly on the sage-brush flats. In the shadow of the butte lay the grave of her mate. Stirred by some strange power, she raised her head and gave utterance to her cry. Coming out of the stillness of the night, filling the air with its quavering; dying away again into the vast silence: the howl of the coyote, spirit of the prairies.

Addison Talbott.

The Dreamer

To those who have a leaning toward a mild sort of superstition, who will not allow the imputation of belief in it, and yet find many things which seem impossible to account for on the basis of natural phenomena, this tale may prove sufficient diversion for some idle hour.

Bill Waring was well liked while in college but his retiring nature kept him from making many close friendships. It was only in Senior year, when we roomed in the same entry of Blair, that I was thrown in with him often enough to come to know him well and to unconsciously gain some knowledge of his character. His good qualities were numerous and, as for his faults, they were neither many nor great, if we except one which was not in the least affected by time, superstition. On this characteristic is based the present story, the narrative of a curious event of which the outcome was still more inexplicable than the occurrence itself.

Bill had an ideal, of that I, at least, was certain. Through the first three years of college (as he told me) he had dreamt of her, but not until Senior year did he progress further. Even then the incidents weave about the happening a dreamy web of circumstance which constitutes half the charm of its grotesqueness. Before the time when he related to me the critical incident which I am about to set forth, he had informed me, now and then, in a confidential mood, that he had mentally formed her likeness. At times vague, illusory shapes flitted before his eyes; now tall with raven hair and smooth skin tanned by the southern sky, clothed in silks and satins which seemed to rustle eerily and shimmer through the hazy mists of evening; and now he described her as a girl of middle height, with a wealth of golden hair and robes of the softest of colors, white, and varying shades of lake and azure blue. Ever

changing, ever beautiful she was, but always an alluring nothing which floated away amid the same silence in which it came.

.

The little university town is seldom blessed with nights so beautiful, when the perfumes of the dying flowers linger in the air with such sweetness, wafted hither and thither by fluttering breezes; even the poppy, long since returned to Mother Earth, seems to breathe its soporific fragrance out into the night. Over everything a misty atmosphere hovers, touched here and there with the softened tints of earth or sky. The campus is full of color, soft as the pastel of a master, and the grey tower of Old North looms hazily upon the clear blue of the sky.

Waring entered the campus by the iron gate on Nassau street and walked on the damp, springy grass beneath the aged elms. The mists of morning rising from the earth, swirled and eddied in fantastic, unnatural shapes; about the tree trunks nebulous clouds, caught up by stray breezes, whirled in Bacchanalian revels and finally vanished away into the thick foliage. But slowly from this confusion there formed, in the far distance, a thicker cloud, resolving itself finally into an indistinct figure, tall and graceful which, as it glided towards him, raised its head for an instant and disclosed to his gaze a face rendered yet more delicate and enchanting by its very obscurity. As he gazed at it there came gradually over him an undefined feeling of happiness which permeated his whole being and dreamily, subconsciously, he realized that at last he saw his ideal, the Phoenix of the past, evolved from all his ever varying, ever transient imaginations. It was clothed in a clinging robe of white and a silken shawl of gauze-like fineness seemed to flutter around it; but as he, in the same abstracted manner, advanced, the vision receded again into the shadows.

He, still entranced, followed but slowly, it faded and little by little vanished away.

In the middle of summer a few years ago I visited a friend in that far nothern part of Connecticut where the foothills of the Berkshires, forest-covered and gently rolling, so closely resemble the more inhabited parts of the Scottish highlands. On the afternoon of the day following that on which I had arrived, curiosity to view the neighboring valley from a point just over the crest of the hillside above us, caused me to inquire the path, then set out by the rose-covered gate at the rear of the garden. I emerged upon a field of ripening wheat and made my way along its edge to a patch of straggling woods. Chestnuts, elms, and maples were interspersed with less common trees, about whose interlacing branches the wild grape coiled its graceful stems, and welded them into a unity of soft color; along the ground a wealth of bramble and flowering weed ran riot. Over a leafy wagon trail I sauntered, plucking now and then a spray of the delicate meadow-rue or red-leafed shoot of the young maple, when of a sudden the woods grew lighter and I stepped forth from under the boughs of an oak, the boundary of the forest. The ground sloped away gradually below me down to where the white church tower nestled in the deep greens of the valley; far to the right and to the left it extended in undulating greens which merged gradually into blues and then were lost in the edges of the sky. Billows of fleecy clouds rested on the tops of the hills opposite; the valley land was broken up in patches of yellow or the white of buckwheat fields.

So occupied was I with the beauties of the valley that I had not noticed the landscape behind me. I was standing in a field of ox-eyed daisies which thinned away into the border of the woods. The trees stretched upward upon

the sky and cast fitting shadows over the meadow. Through the thinner foliage to the right was a shingled cottage which I had not noticed from the path. I was about to walk towards it when there was a rustle in the grass and, the bushes parting, a middle aged man stepped out. What was my surprise to recognize in that prosperous looking, grey-haired figure, old Bill Waring. He, as soon as he saw me, came hurrying through the grass with astonishment and incredulity plainly expressed on his face. He greeted me most cordially, shaking my hand warmly, his features illumined with the joy of recognition and remembrance. We chatted for a while when, suddenly, taking me by the arm, he insisted upon my accompanying him to his home. It was a pretty, little cottage with wide piazzas, whose posts were wreathed with fragrant honeysuckle and crimson-petaled roses. As we entered the sitting-room his wife was reclining on a sofa, but rose to meet us, and as she crossed the room a very curious and inexplicable sensation came over me, a feeling of half remembrance, so that I was hardly surprised when Waring, laying his hand on my shoulder said "Dick, let me present you to The Woman of my Dreams."

H. Oothout Milliken

Editorial

Horatio : . . . To what issue will this come?

Marcellus : Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hamlet; Act IV, Scene 1.

A Peculiar

Situation

The second consecutive victory over Harvard in debating is an occasion for the most sincere congratulation, both to the University at large and to the members of the team which so successfully defended Princeton. Considering the difficulties which surround the obtaining of a team which shall be, in every way, representative of the best talent of the University, the result of this debate is satisfactory indeed, and merely another example of that spirit of unfaltering determination to accomplish everything possible in any line of undergraduate activity which has always characterized Princeton men.

Yet a cursory glance over the Princeton record in debating is suggestive of a number of things. First, that the men who have represented Princeton in this line of inter-university competition have, as a rule, belonged to that division of the undergraduate body known as "non-club-men;" second, that the men who have refused to take advantage of the opportunities for forensic training offered by the authorized secret societies, have, somehow, failed to be of much use to the University in the line of debating; and, third, that the men who have most egregiously neglected to develop, in this way, the abilities which they possess are for the most part, those who are, or who afterwards become, members of upperclass clubs.

Now at first blush, there may seem to be no deduction to be derived from these statements, but it is our belief that an exposition of the facts whence these conclusions are drawn will reveal a situation well worth the attention of

those who have the best interests of Princeton at heart. With this in view, we have compiled the following figures bearing upon the status of the Princeton debaters during the past ten years. As the recent establishment of several new clubs has had the effect of placing a number of debaters in the class of clubmen, we have considered as such only those who are members of clubs established prior to last year. Also, as distinction gained by excellence in debate has, in two isolated cases, operated largely toward the admittance of the men so gaining distinction into a club, we have included in our calculations only cases where men have been chosen to club membership at the regular elections. With this presentation of the necessary limitations upon our calculations (limitations which do not, however, appreciably affect the general result), we submit the following tabulation:

Yearly average of men eligible to election to club membership since 1893	137.6
Yearly average of men elected to club membership since 1893	91.6
Average per centum of men elected to club membership each year since 1893	48.8
Number of clubmen representing Princeton in debating since 1893	5.
Number of non-clubmen representing Princeton in debating one or more times since 1893	30.
Clubmen representing Princeton in debating since 1893, per centum	16.6
Number of non-clubmen representing Princeton in debating two or more times since 1893	10.
Number of clubmen representing Princeton in debating two or more times	0.
Number per centum of Hall men members of clubs, <i>an.</i> 1901 and 1902	32.4
Number per centum of clubmen completing Hall work <i>an.</i> 1901 and 1902	3.7

The figures are eloquent: they show that 51.2 per centum of the men in the University are doing 83.3 per centum of the work of debating for Princeton; that they have done it better than the remaining 48.8 per centum

have done what little they have accomplished; and that the reason they are better able to do it and able to do it better is because the men forming this distinctive class have been more ready to make use of the advantages for training offered by the two literary societies.

Now this situation presents a strange alternative: either the clubmen of the University have no confidence in their capabilities as debaters or they have not sufficient interest in the Halls to develop such latent ability as may be in them. The first proposition seems scarcely probable, since, of the men graduated last year, two-thirds of those who expressed the intention of studying law were clubmen. On the other hand, since a lack of interest in Hall on the part of any great portion of the undergraduates must result in dwarfing the debating resources of Princeton, we are driven to the conclusion that the clubmen are content to allow the University to be represented by men picked from only a portion of its members. To put the inevitable conclusion crudely, though frankly, the members of the upper-class clubs of the University are either admittedly of no possible ability in thinking clearly and expressing forcibly their thoughts, or they are, in general, indifferent to the success of Princeton in the field of interuniversity debating. It is never pleasant to be compelled to make such a deduction, and we present the statement only tentatively, hoping that some other conclusion may be drawn from the facts.

Touching
the Halls

Such a situation is decidedly at variance with existing ideals of the duty devolving upon each individual to do his utmost for Princeton. And, as the responsibility for this state of affairs seems to rest upon the clubs, the remedy, obviously, must come from them. Yet the Halls have never been unwilling to strive for a large and, particularly, for an active membership. Of recent years, the

difficulties encountered have been great, and a proper appreciation of the character of these obstacles to a healthy growth in Hall interest may best be gained by a review of the steps which have led to the present regrettable state of affairs.

No one at Princeton needs to be informed that the Halls are of our proudest possessions: they are an heritage from the world-honored forefathers of the Princeton University that is to be. Neither is there need for discoursing extensively upon the existing apathy in regard to these institutions: the apathy does exist, and it is the inevitable result of a natural development of more specialized interests. The very fact that we are becoming a greater University carries with it the surety of limited endeavor on the part of the undergraduates. The Chemical Society, the Engineering Society, the Orphic Order, the Bird Club, the Biological Club, the ephemeral Art Club, as well as divers pseudo-literary clubs, have served as indisputable evidence of this. These organizations are the outcome of a number of common undergraduate interests which, as such, are a recent development in Princeton. Ten years ago, the interests of the students at the College of New Jersey, were few and general; of these, the support of the two literary societies was by no means the least. Indeed, so absorbing was this interest and so unseemly its manifestations that the plan for eradicating individual campaigning for members proposed through the medium of *The Nassau Literary Magazine* by an undergraduate, now a member of the faculty of the University, was finally adopted. But let us not forget that, at this time, the influence of the Halls was paramount and that, for self protection, the other interests of the College were forced to suppress the undergraduate tendency in that direction in order to furnish themselves an opportunity for growth. Then, the Halls were pitted against the rudiments of the present club system, Greek

letter fraternities, athletic enthusiasm and a characteristically Princetonian indifference to all things admittedly literary. To-day, the Halls are pitted against the same array, reinforced by the widely prevalent spirit of specialization which has already been discussed. But the Halls are still crippled in the struggle, while the other extra-curriculum interests have gathered strength amain throughout this decade of Hall quiescence.

Now we have purposely elected to discuss this matter solely from the standpoint of the proper representation of Princeton in inter-university debating, and it is in no wise our intention to touch upon the merits of the literary societies as anything but the means of developing debating talent. As this, they are of inestimable value, and since, to-day, debating is intimately connected with the life and credit of the University, it surely behooves the undergraduate body, clubmen, as well as non-clubmen, to see that a complete and, above all, an adequate representation of every portion of its members be furnished, from which the Princeton debating teams may be picked. In short, not only should all classes of men enter the lists, but all classes of men should do the Hall work calculated to make them fit to enter the lists; and this, if only that Princeton may not be hampered by too small or too incompetent a body of candidates from which the team must be chosen.

It has already been intimated that the two literary societies are at least willing to afford all advantages within their gift to those who wish to make use of them. Under the limitations and restrictions now imposed, the Halls are sincerely anxious to bring about this result. Unfortunately, as long as the voice of individual Hall enthusiasm is choked by the gag of a treaty, as long as spontaneous personal effort is bound by the red tape of the present system, the literary societies are unable to do much more than is now being accomplished.

Thus, for a two-fold reason, the duty of widening the interest in debating devolves upon the members of the upperclass clubs: first, because it is partially through the growth of upperclass clubs that interest in Hall, with its concomitant improvement in debating material, has waned; and, second, because the Halls have done all that can reasonably be expected of them under existing conditions, without having, to any great extent, improved the situation. Now the members of the upperclass clubs are even better able than scattered individuals to accomplish much in any line of activity in which it pleases them to exert themselves. Their influence is real and undeniable, and they usually act in concert. Moreover, they are sufficiently cultured to possess many talents of which one may assume debating to be a possibility. There would, therefore, appear to be no adequate reason why members of these organizations should not at least endeavor to fit themselves for being of use to the University in this line.

We have sought to present in as frank and complete a form as possible the existence of an unwelcome condition of affairs in the University. We are willing to concede that an ignorance of this state of affairs may have been, in some degree, the cause of its uninterrupted operation. The point has now been made, however, and unfamiliarity with conditions can no longer be pleaded as a reason for their continuance. If, in the future, Princeton is inadequately represented in the field of interuniversity debating, the alumni and undergraduates of the University may know where to place the blame.

Gossip:

OF A NIGHT

"Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Und fühlte mich fuerder gezogen ;
Die Gassen verliess ich, vom Wächter bewacht,
Durchwandelte sacht, in der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Das Thor mit dem gotischen Bogen."

Graf Platen

The sky is a dull grey, and the weather has not decided as yet to rain or to snow. The five o'clock bell is ringing and in the half twilight a few despondent ones are plodding over to the gas-lit rooms of Dickenson. The dirty snow under foot has a rank, stale odor ; a cold wind rustles through the elm trees.

It is darker now. The lights begin to twinkle along Nassau street. The voices of the news boys rise shrilly above the shuffling tread of the workmen filing along the walk from the new gymnasium. A knot of professors come gingerly down the icy steps of the University Offices, for faculty meeting has just adjourned. They are discussing soberly the newly passed rule for the Enforcement of Brevity to Vacation.

It has begun to rain. Have you ever noticed that it rains more slowly and more quietly in winter than in summer? The lights in the dormitories and in Dickinson are gradually extinguished, and only those in the Library and in the entries burn on. The University is at dinner. If you will go down to the back campus, you shall see Brown Hall utterly black, and Dod only indicated by the three rows of lights in its middle and side entries. There is usually a large pool of water in front of Dod in such weather as this, and the path over to Brown has strayed off into the soggy grass, so you had better keep to the sidewalk. The half finished gym looms dimly up against the glare in the south-western sky that betokens Trenton.

Everything is very silent now, except for the regular tramp of the postman as he makes his evening round — and if your ears are good you may hear the click of the letter slots in which he deposits his messages of joy or woe — cheques or bills, or mayhap a penum.

About seven o'clock the sophomores begin to come up from the direction of Williams street, their advent heralded by the inevitable swish of the rather new slicker.

Lights appear on the campus. Now one gas jet, then another illuminates the lower windows of Examination Hall, and banjo practice

has begun. The clubs do not take much of a trip this year and there is a noticeable listlessness in the twanging.

It is raining harder. A cold wind and blacker clouds come from Rocky Hill way and the streets are practically deserted.

Sporticus drives up from his club in a cab, and as he passes Dickinson Hall the strains of William Tell float down from above and he knows that mandolin practice is on.

Simkins, the freshman, assembles a crowd in his room, for freshmen are clannish animals, and, after the manner of their kind, they sit and smoke and talk and occasionally relieve the monotony by a thrown pillow or book.

Sporticus is a jolly good fellow and in his room, perhaps, several jovial souls are compounding a toddy or a punch with many measurings and slicings of lemons. When all has been stirred, Sporticus himself, a tremble-fingered Hebe, will pass about the concoction with pleasure beaming from his jocund countenance.

The campus is darker and more silent than ever. The man who turns out the gas in the hall-ways has long since departed. The freshman, Simkins, and his friends have been in bed for some time, but an intent ear can occasionally catch a laugh from the direction of Sporticus and his party. The bell in the tower of Old North strikes twelve. If you are nearby you may be able to hear the lions stir uneasily in their sleep.

Still a light burns brightly in a room in the top of West college where lives Grinder. He *must* win the fellowship. At two o'clock the light flickers and abruptly goes out, for old Grinder has fallen asleep, poor fellow, and the oil is exhausted.

All through the night the rain drips slowly, steadily, and all the entries are cold and dark. If you will prowl about and listen at a door you may hear someone within turn restlessly in his bed and mutter indistinctly. He is thinking of that approaching Christmas vacation.

At five the rain ceases — not suddenly, but deliberately and gradually. A wind from the south stirs through the bare branches of the trees — and over behind the Infirmary the sky turns grey again. Within an hour it has turned from grey to pink and from pink to blue with the most wonderful gradations of color.

Away down stairs an alarm clock explodes, and soon the seven o'clock bell breaks the silences of the dawn.

The tinkle of the workmen's tools over by the new gym commences. The rain has washed the earth sweet and clean, the sun comes out brightly, its rays slanting across the wet grass — and a new day has begun.

Editor's Table

"Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us."

The Tempest

... "stories, whose subjects (genre) are too few in college periodicals."

Ourselves, in our last issue.

Now, *we* believe (as we began to say, a month ago, when we were interrupted), *we* believe that there should be evident in the pages of college magazines, more of the spirit of youth, more good health, more out-of-door gladness and more altruism; and less of morbidness, fewer ideas derived from reading, less factitious sentimentality, less *Weltschmerz*, and less worldly wisdom. There! we have blurted it out at last, and after some doctrinal apologetics, we shall wait and watch for effects. This month we will have space in which to preach our first lay-sermon, for the current exchanges are not up to the standard they set themselves last month, and we do not feel called upon to comment so widely as in our November issue. Last month we cited as examples of the styles of contributions which we want to read, "Getting the Upper Hand," in the *Bowdoin Quill*, and "Miss Annette's Garden," in the *Yale Lit.* We now add to the lists the article on "The Children's [Reading] Room," in the October *Harvard Monthly*, and "Goin' Back to Georgy," in the *Tennessee Magazine*. There are the stories of the joys and tears of common folks, and perhaps of the principle of *noblesse oblige* that is the most valuable thing to be gained by young men and maidens from the culture (in the best sense of the word) which college breeding should give them. It is a thing to remark that even at this day of the journalistic school of literature, with classicism below the horizon, *The Mysteries of Udolfo* in the dim distance, and the funereal wailings of Edgar Allen Poe well behind us, young people of literary proclivities are strangely apt to produce "pomes" which are laden with the infinite pain of finite souls that yearn, to be given to sighinglike furnace, whimpering over a ruined life (*aet.* twenty) and otherwise making themselves think that they are rare souls languishing in an unappreciative world, and that they are not in reality, red-blooded young Americans, with a thousands aims and interests in this wonderful life — and eating three square meals a day. Why,

I read (pardon, *we* read) one day, a poem by an undergraduate which told of an existence so sad, so disillusioned, so wretched, that had we not been acquainted with the author we should have been moved to tears. Yet that man leads a life from which all thorns have been removed; we even doubt that he has had any serious disappointments in his affairs of the heart. Thank Heaven, that one occasionally falls upon a glad, mad, lilting song of youth.

And we question the need of turning to the days of rapiers and ruffles, or to any social order founded on pretense and superficiality, for our romance; that which glorifies common folks is after all the most beautiful and the sweetest; and we cannot have too much of it. Understand, we are not advocates of a "realism" which discloses with a merciless hand, the weaknesses, the littlenesses, the sordidness, in the life that is untouched by sweetness and light; we are for idealism, wherever it is found; for we believe that it can transmute life's leaden metal into fine gold; and that the more visible altruism there is in our lives, the happier we will be, and the happier will be the tone of our literary work. Let all our lyrics give a rouse, then, for the May-time, and all our tales be told with gladness. Good my friends, we are all young; the cares of life have not yet overtaken us and with them we need not yet concern ourselves; our hint of woe is common; but for the miracle, I mean our preservation, few in millions can speak like us: beseech you, sirs, be merry.

There are some sentences in *Sesame and Lilies* which I am going to quote because they show what is the root of the whole matter; there are too many of us "whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; . . . consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have solved in an instant . . . Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace. So with our youths."

Work plus love equals happiness, and no other formula gives the same result; and the more demonstrations of this theorem we see, the better for all of us.

And a merry Christmas to you all!

Several magazines, arriving tardily, contain contributions which we are glad to have read: the *Bowdoin Quill* with two charming short stories, and, in its *Gander Club* department, an epigram deserving of immortality among college proverbs,—"Defeat isn't an elective course, and we have to take it as it comes"; the *Morningside* with a well-written lyric entitled "Forget Me Not"; the *Yale Courant*, a short sketch, "The

Dog", like a page from *Les Miserables* in its vividness and masterly climactic touch, and a poem, "Broonie", which, together with a sketch of an incident of childhood, "A Pastoral", in the *Columbia Lit.*, and an essay (which we are going to keep always) in the December *Harvard Monthly* upon the "make-believes" of children, would serve as examples of the contributions which we have just been seeking; the *Harvard Monthly*, a beautiful stately hymn to "Our Ancient Mother", some verse, "At Chartres", tinged with a trace of sympathy for Greek pantheism, and an essay depreciative of the value of criticism (we, too, recognize its futility); and the *Columbia Lit* with a well-thought-of symposium of interesting articles by editors of the monthly magazines of Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Princeton.

A SILENCED SONG

Love stole behind me as I sang
And laid her sweet, warm finger-tips
Lightly upon my careless lips.
 There rang
All around me a transcendent melody
That echoes ever thrillingly in me.
Now since Love came, my lips are sealed; and fain
 Would dumb remain
If so my soul may lose no lightest strain
Of that compelling melody.

Robert Haven Schauffler, in December *Harper's*.

Book Talk

The Blue Flower. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

As I was browsing over old volumes of *The Nassau Literary Magazine* last Martinmastide, it befell that I chanced upon the following sentence:

"There is an Alpine flower which grows only at great heights, and in remote spots on the mountains. . . . The peasants call it Edelweiss—noble purity, because it is so white, and grows so far from earth, so near to heaven. The thought of which it is the symbol, its beauty and its rarity make it a favorite among maidens."

I could not but wonder, though it was perhaps an unfair and vain speculation, at the hidden psychic processes which seem to have led a young man to write, thirty years ago, of the beauty and purity of that rare flower, and to write to-day, in all the grace and power of his maturer literary skill, of a purer, rarer, more beautiful visionary bloom, the "Blue Flower"; by the search for which is typified the search of men for happiness. If this delicate filament which seems to lead from one to the other is an actuality, then it is a rare and a beautiful thing. It is a thing well done to have pressed ever unswervingly towards the heights on which blooms the fair, pure flower of the soul. And Dr. van Dyke has done this, for no one who had not could ever have given us the work which he gives us in this his latest volume, *The Blue Flower*. The book, a collection of nine stories, takes its title from the opening story, a translation from the German of von Hardenburg. It is the recountal of a dream dreamed by a boy; in which endeavor towards high ideals and a search for happiness is fabled by the boy's search for a Blue Flower which grows far up on the mountain. Dr. van Dyke has concluded his translation with the boy's awakening; but to us, the words of the boy's parents, when he has told them of his dream, are of interest:

"I too had this self-same dream, but had long forgotten it," said the old man, as though in a reverie, "and yet, what did it mean?"

"O father, tell me; of what color was the flower in your dream?" cried the lad with breathless eagerness, "was it not blue?"

"It might have been blue", said the father slowly.

Do you not see that all of us have had this same dream before we became of the company of those with shattered illusions? But how

many of us have cherished it inviolate, have kept the high ideals of youth ever before us, have been careless of the world's coarse thumb as a guage of our work, but have striven always, like Dr. van Dyke, for the Master's praise alone? It is only when a boy, or when one with the heart of a boy, has told us his dreams, that we too remember the dreams of our youth, and take fresh strength therefrom.

Of Dr. van Dyke's eight stories (*The Ruling Passion*, by the way, held the same number), three, *The Other Wise Man*, *The First Christmas Tree*, and *The Lost Word*, are already too well-known to require any brush. We were curious enough, however, to compare their original wording with that of the present edition, and found, as we had expected to find, the marks of repolishing that the careful workman gives to his work—an apter adjective here, a happier phrase there; and, if he will forgive us, an accentuation, in the revised form of some of the descriptive passages, of the color which is that of the Flower.

Of the other stories, *Spy Rock* appeared recently in *Scribner's and The Mill in The Interior*. There are three new stories—*The Source*, *Wood-Magic*, and *A Handful of Clay*. Lessons of the worth of inspiration, of action, of love, of simplicity, loving kindness, patience, prayer, and hope breathe from the lines of these eight short stories—it is the spirit of the Christmas season. None is long—they run from one thousand to nine thousand words—but all are perfectly told, and those of us who are so fortunate as to hear Dr. van Dyke in his class-room lectures, will remember his own criticism of the lyrics of his best-loved poet, and apply it to these stories: the craft which will go furthest down the stream of time is not the huge, loosely-hung raft, but the compactly-built boat. Indeed, the shortest of them all, *A Handful of Clay*, eight pages only in length, is fit to be one of the immortal tales of Andersen. The charm of the fable emboldens us to ask for a thing which we have long wanted—a book of tales for good children, young and old; and which no man since the days of the Grimms and Andersen has been able to tell.

One does not realize, perhaps, the artistry of these stories until he re-reads them. In these days of broadcast printing and the resultant tendency towards hasty and superficial writing and reading, we are content to skim through most books for a momentary pleasure; and few will bear a second reading, even should they prompt the attempt. But in Dr. van Dyke's stories, besides the interest of the plot and the stimulus of the lesson which underlies it, there is an ease and grace and beauty that calls us back to read and re-read the book for a literary style which will take its place with that of Irving and Hawthorne.

Scribner's have accorded the book an appropriately beautiful dress, and eight illustrations in color are finely done by Howard Pyle, Corwin Knapp Linson, F. V. DuMond, Arthur Heming, and J. R. Weguelin.

S. M.

Historic Houses of New Jersey. By W. Jay Mills. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.00.

It is not through a knowledge of the plain prosaic facts of the events of former times that we get any intimate acquaintance with the men and life of yesterday, but rather do we learn to actually know our progenitors from the anecdote or the recollection which now and then throws a side-light upon them, removing the glamor of time. Mr. Mills has borne the fact well in mind in preparing his volume on the *Historic Houses of New Jersey* and as a result he has produced a book of historical value and of absorbing interest to any student of the early days of the Republic. The author devotes a few pages to each of the forty-seven houses he has chosen to include in this work and for every one he has some little story or bit of old-time gossip to brush away the dust of years and bring the Revolutionary days before our eyes. Princeton and its vicinity are well represented in the chapters describing "Morven, where the First President of the United States and nearly all his successors have dined;" the "Rocky Hill House, where General Washington wrote his farewell address to the Army," and numerous places in Trenton and Bordentown, all within easy access from here. There is an interesting description of the closing of the college and departure of the students shortly before the battles of Princeton, in the chapter on "Morven," and a striking picture of Washington and his aides as they came riding along the road from Trenton, in the pages devoted to the "Rocky Hill House." The book is handsomely illustrated with numerous photogravures from drawings and photographs, and will serve the triple purpose of guide-book, history and light reading to its possessor.

W. F. S.

A Sea Turn and Other Matters. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

These stories are, with one exception, reflections of the life of the well-to-do classes of our own day. This exception is a tale of yesterday from the standpoint of to-day. Two friends make a search in London for the "Minorities," a Chapel which contains as its "chief asset" the head of the Duke of Suffolk, executed by "Bloody" Mary. After some difficulty they find the "Minorities" and are admitted by an old verger who "had the fragile, waxen look of some vegetable that has eccentrically sprouted in a cellar." He gives them the relic for inspection. Then, with a sudden shift of standpoint and scene the story of the execution is told as by an eye-witness. The language changes from the most modern to the quaint tongue of former times. The scene calls forth our pity because of the ignorant but conscientious injustice of the Queen; our admiration for the sublime notability, the unostentatious bravery of the victim. But with a

start we are recalled from the digression by the verger: "What you 'ear rattling, sir, is the tooth that 's dropped hinside. I keep it there for a curiosity. It seems to hadd to the hinterest."

To our mind, however, the strongest tale of them all is the last: "The White Feather." The old soldier, benighted, with other travellers, in a country inn; the tales by the fireside; the veteran's tale; a young West Point graduate, strong in manhood and character; the devotion and admiration for him of the company he raises for the Civil War; the reconnaissance; the engagement; his hesitation and apparent cowardice when one of enemy suddenly rushes upon him; his disgrace and suicide; and, finally, the explanation and dénouement by one of the listeners to the puzzled story-teller, all act powerfully upon our emotions. Yet the most impressive scene of all is when we are told that "the Major did not speak again. He sat there in the dying glow of the firelight, inattentive, seemingly remote in an atmosphere of his own, brooding, doubtless, on

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Yet, in spite of these examples, with two possible exceptions, all the stories are pervaded by the spirit of delicate, subtle humor. The author laughs at the deceptions practiced by a young married couple upon one another, yet his laughter is the heartiest when each, to the relief of both, discovers the other's guile, and the normal condition of mutual adoration results. He smiles also at the unsuccessful efforts of the "retired" business man to kill time agreeably. Yet he shows that his heart is with the same unfortunate. He likewise is amused at the apparent spoiling of the hopes of the genius who is faithful to his "art," but nevertheless he seems to enjoy the latter's ultimate triumph immensely.

The key-note of these stories is sympathy. Sympathy with us all for our little fads and foibles, for all the inherent weaknesses of human nature. Another distinguishing feature is the exquisite style. Mr. Aldrich has lightness of touch of a Lamb; the ease, gentle humor and satire of an Addison. In *Marjorie Daw* he showed that he was a prince of story-writers. These sketches are worthy of the creator of *Marjorie Daw*.
O. H. McP.

The Girl Proposition. By George Ade. New York: R. H. Russell.
\$1.50.

Mr. George Ade is evidently a very clever philosopher or else a "fusser" (pardon the slang) of wide and varied experience. We are inclined to believe the latter is the case, for scarcely do we conceive of the mind of a mere philosopher evolving the words of wisdom presented in the fables treating of *The Girl Proposition*. It is a broad subject, by the way, and as old—or rather *almost* as old—as father Adam himself, yet it is still

as unsolvable as ever Solomon found it. And surely no one can accuse that worthy of lack of experience! We cannot fail to admire the author of *Fables in Slang* for his temerity in grappling with *The Girl Proposition*, for judging from the history of man it has never had the same aspect twice—and hence, after all, it takes an Æsop or an Ade to solve it. In the preface of the book Mr. Ade is careful to explain, however, that he will not entirely clear up the subject for the benefit of future generations there being, as he remarks, “several millions of investigators already devoting the greater portion of their time to a sincere consideration of the Girl Proposition, and the number of experts is increasing hourly.” Nevertheless he has done remarkably well, and his book furnishes a wealth of reflection to any intending expert. In other words, this collection of fable is easily on a par with most of its predecessors. There are clever bits of perception of human character, concealed now and then under the mask of slang, and nearly every page sparkles with wit and humor. It is difficult to pick out any particular fable when so many are good, but we would suggest that the reader, if afflicted with the blues some rainy day, try “The Fable of the Misfit Who Got the Wrong Hold.” If a cure is not effected thereby we can only extend him our pity and hope for better things some time.

W. F. S.

Francezka. By Molly Elliott Seawell. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

We can assure all who delight in the “historical” novel that they will in this volume find a continuance of their pleasure. About the year 1727, Count Saxe of France attempted to obtain the government of Courland. How he succeeded is related in this novel with close adherence to history. Count Saxe is really a great character; therefore, to uncover him by wiping away the dust of forgetfulness, to make his love for Adrienne Lecouvreur, the great actress, live again, demands our praise. Happily, Count Saxe is not the Don Juan of overpowering majesty, of the regulation novel; on the contrary, he is quite a reasonable creature, and we believe in him. We like also that quality of his mind which says; “Look not at the stars too often or too long—nor look upon graves too much and too deeply—for the contemplation of stars and graves will rob any man of all his ambitions; their silence will drown the shoutings of the captains and the rustling of the laurels, through all the ages; the love of glory will die in his breast, and he will curse his doglike fate. Our largest enterprises are so small—so small.” And although Francezka is of the required brand of extravagant beauty—“graceful beyond words”—still at times, she draws away from the unusual, for “after she had done her will, she trembled, hesitated, blushed, looked down in timidity, looked up for approval—and was very ready with tears, when she required them.” Her love is just a pure, simple passion; no complex

study of human nature is involved in it; and right in this do we find our enjoyment. We will say then, in conclusion, that the story is well told: by its rich gifts of deep thoughts and brave acts, and, most of all, in its love-story, we are made glad, and are strong in its praise. The illustrations comprise seven wash-drawings by Harrison Fisher, done very creditably indeed.

I. B.

Songs From Dixie Land. By Frank L. Stanton. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merill Co. \$1.50.

There are many bards in this commercial age, and many are the schools of singers. Some have this theory of verse making, and some that, and most are impressed with one theme, the weightiness of their muse. But now and then, there comes one who sings because music is in his heart; and the passer-by stops and listens, and when he takes up his journey again, his step is lighter, and a happy smile is cheering his way. Mr. Stanton is not a recent poet nor a youthful poet, but this little volume will make for him a host of fresh acquaintances and new friends—for one cannot read the verses without feeling drawn to the author. There is a geniality, a sympathy, a simplicity and large heartedness about all of his work, which makes us feel that we have found what Thackeray loved to call "a gentle-man." The book is divided into several parts, so that all tastes may be gratified. There are *Plantation Songs*, verses *Just from Georgia*, *Songs of Good Cheer*, poems by *The Philosopher*, *Love Songs*, and *Songs of other Days*. As for us, we believe we have a slight preference for the *Plantation Songs*—there is such melody, such light-heartedness, such good-humored fun in them—and the *Love Songs*—for their tenderness and simplicity is rare indeed. We cannot refrain from quoting a verse from one of the latter which has been haunting us with its refrain since we read it—

"From the flowering east and west,
 Marcelle,
 Marcelle!
 Roses wreath they for your rest.
 Marcelle,
 Marcelle!
 From the gardens April-blest
 Blooms they bring to your dear breast;
 Kiss the lover you love best—
 Marcelle,
 Marcelle!"

Mr. Stanton includes in this edition his poem "Keep a-goin'," which has won so much praise from the present-day optimist. On the whole we know of no volume of verse of recent years, more truly poetic, nor more worthy of being read and possessed than these *Songs From Dixie Land*.

M. S. W.

Condensed Novels. (Second edition). New Burlesques. By Bret Harte.
New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Bret Harte, as everyone knows, wrote a great number of books, and the last one, though interesting as the last volume that we shall ever have from his pen, is only like many of his previous works, inasmuch that, separated from his other writings, it would never give the author the chance of being called a genius. But Harte only wrote about one successful book every ten years, yet the fame of that one always lasted while he wrote some mediocre ones, and then repeated his success. Some of these burlesques have been published in various periodicals before his death. They are of course well worth collecting; more on account of the fact that Bret Harte wrote them than for any relative value to his other writings. They are all burlesques on well-known writers, and their stories. Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling, and Marie Corelli, are among those honored, and it is no small honor to be travestied by Bret Harte, though probably all of the above authors will not appreciate it.

The "Stolen Cigar Case," by A. C—n D—le, has the most fun in it, and is absurd enough to make it, perhaps, the best of the lot. "Rupert

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the Resembler" is humorous occasionally, but lacks a zest and bouyancy that is necessary to prevent its dragging. The travesties on the "Soldiers Three," of Kipling are very clever, but not perhaps clever enough to excuse their being written, for unless a burlesque is cleverer and wittier than the original there is small excuse for its existence. An idea of the method of these burlesques can be gathered from the mimicry of Glory Quayle and John Storm in the Hall Caine episode. The burlesque equivalents of these two, reflecting that they had been acting like the greatest of fools from the beginning of the story, decide to be sensible for the remainder. So they immediately marry, and Hall Caine, in a publisher's notice, informs his readers that his great genius created such life-like characters, that they became sentient beings and interfered so with his own plans of finishing the story that they insisted upon altering the climax to suit themselves.

L. W. W.

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